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THE Wanton Virgins Frighted, With the Spies Downfal

From the Tree top, to the Pond bottom.

O R,

The old Man Bigbeard by the black Bandilears and Buffcoats.

Tune of, *Ladies of London.*

This may be printed,

R. P



You that delight in a Jocular Song,
come hither unto me a while Sir,
I will engage you shall not tarry long,
before I will make you to smile Sir,
Near to the Tower there liv'd an old Man,
Whose pretty Maids to his Daughters,
As when I will tell you a story anon,
Will make your fancy with laughter.

The old Man he had in his Garden a Pond,
Which in very fine Summer weather, (soud)
The Daughters one night, they were all very
to go, and bath in it together.

Which they agreed, but hapn'd to be,
Overheard by a Pouch in the house Sir,
Who got into the Garden, and climb up a Tree,
and there sat as still as a Mouse Sir.

The branch where he sat, it hung over the Pond,
at each puff of wind he did tatter,
Pleas'd with the charges he should sit soak and
and see them go into the water,
When the old Man was sick in his Bed,
the Daughters then to the Pond went Sir,
And to the other also laughing he said,
as high as our English wit's answer.